

29/10/34

# Yorkshire: its landscape, towns & Industries.

First Part Survey

Written at the instance of the City Council, who have  
a work (planning) for the use of the Council, and  
which is intended for the use of the Council  
and for the use of the Council. The work is  
very much of the same nature as the work  
of the City Council, and is intended for the  
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Council.

his course across the sky, until, in the evening, he reaches the point just opposite to where his course began.

Then, slowly, he goes down, with the same splendour with which he rose; sometimes in a sky which looks like a sea of gold with cities & palaces & all beautiful forms rising out of it. After the last edge of the Sun has disappeared below the earth, a clear soft light remains for a while, such as came before his rising in the morning: this is called twilight.

The Sun rises in the east & sets in the west: By remembering this, you will be able to tell the direction in which the places near your own town, or the streets of your own town, lie.

Stand so that your right hand - &c. &c. -  
 Wh. . . . .

When people are journeying from place to place, it is important they should know if they are going southward or northward. In our own country, which is in north latitude, the further north we go, the colder it becomes; & the warmest part of England lies quite to the south. The railways on which we travel from place to place are called northern or eastern or north-western, according to the direction in which they run. people

heaving swelling country <sup>relaxing</sup> ~~explains~~ <sup>is every</sup>  
breath is a delight. <sup>19p30mc34</sup> Lowell as opening  
contrived in the wrinkles that the sword appears to  
spread away into the wide champagne beyond, a sea  
of yellow corn, with clumps of green, which  
'dangers' islanded here & there; & nearer at hand  
undulating meadows with tree-ketled knolls, - a  
too vision to rejoice in, reaching away towards  
the setting sun. All this you see from every  
favorable spot, but there is a wooded walk, shady  
Sweet, which leads you to the top of a ridge, from  
there you see, not only to the west, but to the  
east, the north & the south, glorious country  
on all sides, wooded downs & rolling corn.  
fields lying under slanting shadows & clear  
light; & the grey house, well-known by the weathering  
of many centuries, fits into the landscape from  
here, its gabled roof & grey walls shining with

soft light out of the verdure.  
Then, what a Kitchen-garden for a Sunday afternoon  
stroll! As the sprightly ladies tripping down  
the broad green alley carpeted with soft turf down  
leads through the whole length of the garden, the  
gentlemen not <sup>as</sup> far off. <sup>to share in the talk</sup> ~~For who could miss such~~  
~~delightful talk.~~ The flower borders of today might  
well have been there a hundred years ago, & a  
very walk ~~at~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>on</sup> would take a great <sup>little</sup> ~~sun~~  
flower by the head & gaze into its <sup>brown</sup> ~~yellow~~ heart, &  
idle fingers would 'pop' the buds of that pretty peeping  
fuchsia which grows so freely out of doors here in  
Sussex; Cherry-pie & mignonette sweeten the air, &  
here



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Now they sheltered under the trees - most likely under  
the 'Seven Sisters,' two of which still remain, endured  
a conflict with poverty severe enough to satisfy their  
aspirations. After two years, Hugh, Dean of York, came  
~~to~~ died amongst them, left them a fortune,  
wherein they began to build, calling their Abbey  
'Houses' or 'Houses,' a fit name for this  
Yorkshire Elm, where six springs still rise  
within the site. The building continued through  
the 12<sup>th</sup> century <sup>to have</sup> reached its present <sup>the</sup> vast  
proportions indicated by the ruins. At the same  
time, wealth in lands & stocks for the most  
part, passed in on the Cistercians, until, according  
to Whitaker, at the Dissolution, the lands of  
Lords of the manor extended "for an uninterrupted space  
of more than 30 miles."

Broughbridge, on the W., a dull little town, is  
chiefly interesting as the scene of the closing events  
in the career of that St. Thomas of Lancaster, of whom  
we shall hear more in connection with Pontefract.  
He & the Earl of Hereford who had risen against  
Edward II. were defeated by the royal troops. Hereford  
was killed on the bridge; the Earl of Lancaster, after  
entering a chapel which stood until quite recently  
in the market-place, to utter the prayer, "Good Lord,  
I render myself to Thee, put me into Thy mercy,"  
was taken to his Castle of Pontefract, & there beheaded.  
Albion, lower down the river, is exceedingly interesting  
as containing remains of the Roman Eboracum,  
probably as large & important a city as the York.  
was <sup>under the</sup> Roman. York. Now, tessellated mosaic pavements  
are on view in the cottages, in the 'Museum  
Eboracum' in the gardens of the Grand House. There  
is a valuable collection of the implements of daily  
life in use in the ancient Roman city fifteen

fifteen centuries ago. Now are vessels of glass, earthenware, knives, dice spoons, pins made of bone, combs, tickets of admission to places of amusement, & sepulchral remains of various kinds.

### Maddardale.

The sources of the Ridd don't lie so far back amongst the western mountains as do those of the Aire & the Wharfe. Its springs are in Great Wharmouth, the most eastern of the mountains, in a region wild & bleak as any in Yorkshire. Many wild fountains rise hither to swell its waters; & wherever a chert falls into the main stream are found buildings, or a village, or a gentleman's place. Not far from its source, the newborn river disappears, or nearly so, into a cavern called the Golden Pot; whence it emerges after half a mile of underground course. Below Pateley Bridge is the most curious sight of the Ridd valley, the celebrated Brimham Craggs.

The road rises gradually, until it reaches the heath moor, 1000 feet high, over which the rocks are scattered. These are crags of enormous size, of every odd shape, so close together, & so fantastic in shape & grouping, that the whole strikes you as a great jostle-plaything scattered on the nursery floor of the giants, perhaps. The Asper, the Lamb, the King, the Yoke of Moses, the Idol, the Recluse, are amongst the names given to their uncouth shapes. The four rocking stones, ~~but~~ are very curious; huge masses poised on narrow bases so that it is easy to give them a rocking motion. This extraordinary display is not due to the Druids, nor to any forgotten race of giants: it is simply the result of weathering. The millstone grit of the moor appears to have been broken up





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Can we pray from our heart the very great word?  
"our" - what does our mean? - I myself my  
father's name? Yes, - country & brother who  
has offended me. English & children! My  
Hampshire friends - my neighbours, my  
wives - my enemies - the great people of the  
world, the Libians & the Arabians, the Persians  
Yeh & the Persians, the Greeks - even the very  
over the society, the King of the Arabs, those  
who have made themselves ill & are helping  
break these evil; then I pray. I pray for  
all these with them all. I cannot speak  
for our <sup>my</sup> people without speaking for them; I do  
not carry their sins to the throne of God;  
I do not carry my own, all the good & the  
hope to get from God belong to them just as  
much to me, & if they have <sup>the same</sup> no right beyond  
things at the hand of God, so I have here, all  
this - <sup>in my heart</sup> Ah! the heart. The man is like  
a <sup>in my heart</sup> just big enough to hold himself.  
no room for wife or child or friend. no  
room to turn round; but God stretches the  
frame of man's heart & he is willing & obedient  
his feet are set in a large room, he can take  
in hundred of friends; he has room for the  
sad & the needy; & at last he will provide  
the streets of the city looking with love into  
the faces of all men & women. This heart shaking  
my brothers, my brothers! & then he <sup>can</sup> look  
+ up. Our Father - God has long patience  
with the slow of heart - & will at last do all  
this for the man who is trying to say "Our  
Father" for man! he must be on the watch;  
he is like a man whose enemies are trying  
to build a tower about him; as fast as  
he places down the bricks on this side  
they are built up on that, & there is always a

his enemies would never hear. So he was carried  
to the village of Threlkeld in Cumberland, & soon  
as the little fellow could walk, no doubt his  
shepherd goats father carried him off with him  
to the lonely hills <sup>side</sup> where the sheep were pastured.

He was born in the ~~and~~ days of the Wars of  
the Roses. His father, Lord Clifford, of whom we  
shall have more to say shortly, was the red Rose  
of Lancaster was a fierce & warrior that has  
~~earned~~ the <sup>which</sup> ~~name~~ gave him the ill name of  
"the Butcher". The bloody battle of Tewkesbury  
went against the Lancastrians; Clifford  
the King, Henry VI, & Margaret, his queen, were  
forced to fly. Clifford was slain; Edward of  
York came to the throne & against none of  
the foes of his house did he bear so bitter a  
hatred as against <sup>all of the name</sup> ~~the house~~ of Clifford. Then, -

"Oh! it was a time of doom  
When the fatherless was born -  
Give her wings that she may fly.  
As she sees her infant die!  
Swords that are with slaughter wild  
Hunt the mother & the child.  
Who will take them from the light?  
- Girdles is a man in sight -  
Girdles is a horse - but where?  
No, they must not enter there,  
To the caves, & to the brooks,  
To the clouds of heaven she looks;  
She is speechless, but her eyes  
Mourn in ghostly agonies."  
The mother was Lord Clifford's desolate & hunted  
widow, & the child was he who came to be known  
as the Shepherd Lord. In his mother's womb